Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with bloud of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholſome bloud; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth bodie.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the Royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To prick and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen! O earth! what elſe,
And ſhall I couple hell, O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes; grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memorie holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſaw of Bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen.
O moſt pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine,
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue ſworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come,